INCREASING THE ... CIRCULATION.

(Original.)

When I established the Press the place in which I located was a far western town, now a middle western city. I am now at one end of life. I was then at the other. In those days editors were wont to stir up an interest in their papers by attacking some one. I was young enough and reckless enough to adopt the plan in vogue. I was obliged to adopt some method of selling my paper or it would have shrunk to nothingness, but I was very resourceful in averting the consequences. When I attacked a man and he came into the office of the Press for blood I told him that we—I invariably used the editorial plural—had based our allegations on the best information. Then when he demanded the name of "our" informant "we" promised to give it after consultation with said informant in case he determined to face the consequences. If he refused, then we would publish a denial, with an explanation. This usually staved the matter off for a day or two, when "we" published a statement that "we" had been grossly imposed upon. I don't know which helped the paper most, the excitement attending the accusation or the frank and manly manner in which we made the amende honorable.

Operating as I was in civil war time, when everybody was intensely peppery, it is a wonder that I escaped some of my advertising episodes with my life. Indeed, I finally made such a stir in a certain instance that I was obliged to move my paper to a new location, though in the case I mention I had no intention of attacking any one. I merely perpetrated what I considered a witticism. A certain Colonel N. had at the request of his fellow citizens resigned his command to come home and make a political campaign. Referring to him in an item, I quoted:

Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front, and now instead of mounting barbed steeds to fright the souls of fearful adversaries he capers nimbly in a lady's chamber.

The idea I intended to convey was that the colonel would have a very different time between bullets and ballots. Unfortunately he was not familiar with the poets and knew nothing of Shakespeare. He doubtless had a guilty conscience with reference to some fair dame and inferred that it was to this that the Press referred.

There was also a certain dancing master in the town, Demaise Robitaille, upon whom I happened to perpetrate at the same time another so called bonmot. I referred to him as M. Bobtail. The morning that these two items came out in my paper I was sitting in my sanctum getting together material for my next day's issue. I had had a troubled week with the people I had used to advertise the paper and had determined to advertise no more in that way. It was proving hazardous. I therefore felt very much at ease with myself and all the world. As to Colonel N. or Demaise Robitaille, I was not conscious of having insulted either of them. Hearing a step behind me, I turned and saw the warrior advancing upon me. In his eye was a bloodthirsty look I had never seen in any man's eye before.

"Give me the name of the man who has accused me of being mixed up in a woman scrape," he said, doubtless referring to his "capering nimbly in a lady's chamber."

But, like Linden in the poem, "I saw another sight." Demaise Robitaille was really "capering" up the staircase and dancing into the sanctum behind the colonel. It was a cowardly trick on my part, I admit, but what is a fellow to do when a sledge hammer fist of a 200 pound warrior is about to come down upon him? I pointed to Robitaille.

"So you're the cur who wrote that rot about an ex-colonel of the army and a candidate for the votes of his fellow citizens, accusing him of flouncing around in a woman's room."

"I? I write article about you? Non, monsieur. I come here to demand"—

"You lie, you French monkey! You're just the man to do a trick like that."

The colonel landed a blow on the Frenchman's jaw. Robitaille got the idea that his assailant was the man he had come to the office to punish and that the accusation was merely a pretext to get in a first punishment.

"Huh! By Gar!" he shrieked. "I teach you to call me names." He was an expert boxer and, dancing up to the colonel, landed a blow on his nose that spilled claret over the warrior's shirt front. I got up on the inclined board on which I had been grinding out copy for the purpose of watching the fight without personal injury to myself. It was a pretty instance of science against mere strength. The Frenchman would dance in, land a lightning blow, then dance out of reach of his powerful antagonist. The fact that each believed that the other was the man who had lampooned him made the fight far more interesting. I was young enough to enjoy it and silly enough not to realize the detriment to myself in case one of the combatants killed the other. At last science won. The dancing master floored the warrior, who in falling struck his head against a wood column that held up the ceiling of my sanctum.

The next day I was waited on by a committee of citizens, the spokesman of which said:

"Younkor, we don't keer so much about your hackin' at the men, but this accusin' 'em of capertn' in the women's rooms is an affrent to the virtue of our wives and daughters. You'd better move on to a place where the people are less sensitive."

And I moved.

F. A. MITCHEL.

A Family Trait.

He couldn't play ball,
Couldn't hold it at all,
But would drop it in some way or other
Till at last they found out
How it all came about.
He was little Miss Muffet's big brother.
—Nixon Waterman in Boston Post.

EIGHT PEOPLE MURDERED

Insane Mother Commits Suicide After Shooting

HUSBAND AND 5 CHILDREN

Mrs. Cooper First Chloroforms Her Victims, Then Shoots Them, One After the Other, in the Head.

Cadillac, Mich., June 15.—Eight persons, all of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cooper, with the exception of one son, were murdered Friday night, probably by the wife and mother, who had been insane. Fred Cooper, a son aged 17, died Saturday afternoon at the Mercy hospital. All were killed with a bullet through the head. The dead are Daniel Cooper, 48 years old; Mrs. Cooper, 45 years old; Fred, aged 17; Harry, aged 14; Inez, aged 11; Samuel, aged 10; Georgianna, aged five; and Florence, aged 1½ years.

When Mrs. Cooper's mother and other neighbors Saturday morning entered the house on Chapin street, about which there was no sign of life, bodies of the victims were scattered all about. Mrs. Cooper lay across the body of the baby on a bed, with an emptied revolver beside her. It is believed Mrs. Cooper committed the murder and then killed herself. She was once confined in an insane asylum, and for some time had been brooding over the fact that Cooper was out of work. A few days ago she is reported to have said she would "end it all."

Developments indicate that the crazed mother first chloroformed the members of the family before shooting them There was no signs of a struggle in any instance. There were no powder marks which indicates that the woman stood some distance away in firing the shots. A four-ounce chloroform bottle was found in one of the rooms. It has also developed that the woman had been mentally unsound ever since the birth of her youngest child, Florence, 18 months ago. She was sane at intervals, and during her lucid moments brooded over her mental condition. Mrs. Cooper apparently had premeditated the wholesale killing. Friday night she took all her children to a vaudeville theatre. She bargained with the girl ticket seller to admit the entire family for 50 cents. The seller said she would do so, but that it should not be considered as a precedent. "You will never need to again," replied Mrs. Cooper. "Because none of us will ever come here after this." She treated the children to candy and peanuts and they marched up and down the streets after the show all in a happy mood and with Mrs. Cooper appearing especially cheerful. Then they went home and the killing evidently followed soon afterward.

Alpha and Omega.

If you would make your money last
In strict economy be versed,
And even then you stand aghast
To think you've got to make it first!
—Puck.

Strenuous.

Bacon—How does your wife get on with her horseback lessons?

Egbert (whose wife weighs 190)—Has three men to put her on.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Maid's Lament.

If he only wouldn't send me roses
Each day, the stupid thing,
In a few weeks at present prices
He'd save enough to buy a ring.
—Detroit Tribune.

Proof.

"I understand that they belong to one of the best families."

"Yes. They have advertised their yacht for sale."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Painful When Dull.

"Dull care," I'm sure, disturbs me not.
At that I would not carp,
For every blooming care I've got
Is most uncommon sharp.
—Denver News-Times.

Calling His Attention.

Mr. Lingerlong—I had a queer adventure this afternoon—

Miss de Muir (with a swift glance at the clock)—You mean yesterday afternoon, I presume.—Smart Set.

The Spring Hats.

"Hubby, I saw a dream of a hat today."

"Buy it while it may be had. Most of 'em are nightmares this year."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Immaterial.

"Shall we invest in this stock or not?"

"Well, what do you know about it?"

"Know about it? Good heavens, man, by the time we find out it may go way up!"—New York Life.

Adieu, Love, Untrue Love.

Youth—Sir, did a tall, fair blond pass this way?

Gatekeeper—No, but a mighty pretty little brunette did.

Youth—And—er—which way did she go?—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Toast.

Here's to the man who likes you best,
And here's to the man you like the best!
'Twere surely best in this little game
That the first and second man be the same.
But when you for your wedding plan
Of course he won't be the best man.
—Mount Ida Journal.

FAVORITE SON SERIES---FAIRBANKS

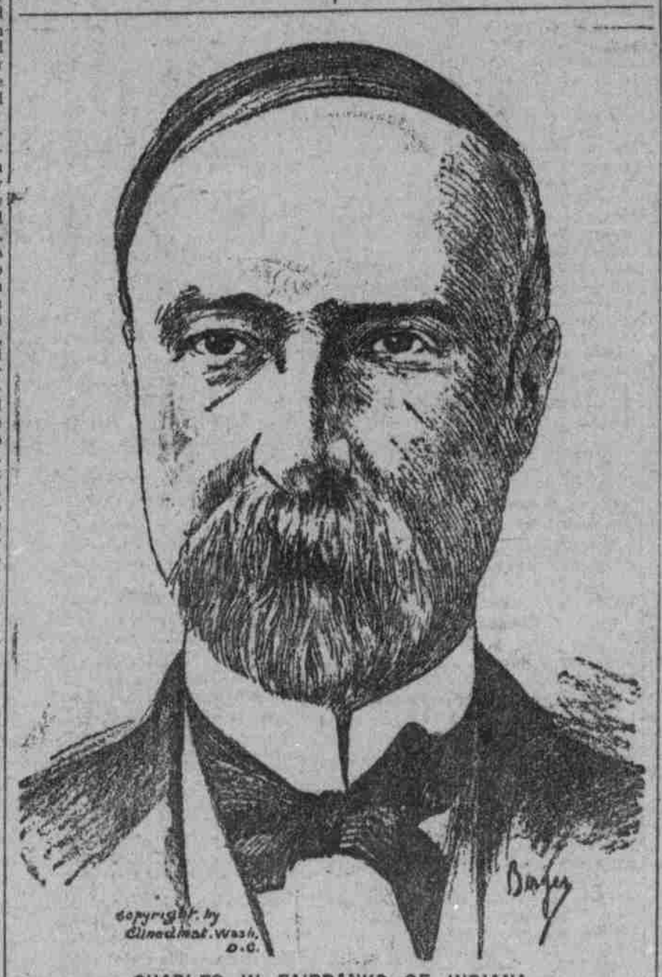
Washington, June 15.—Nicknames attached to public men stick closer than burrs to a wooly dog. The four-legged animal may be relieved of his discommoding alliances by a close shave, but no matter how a politician may seek to side-step, the nickname clings to him still. He bears it through life and on his death bed he knows that it will appear in his obituary and will be embalmed in history.

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether the name is appropriate or not—whether it really indicates a personal trait of character or appearance or habit—once attached it stays.

So Charles Warren Fairbanks, long time senator from Indiana, more than three years vice-president of the United States, may expect until the end of his days to see himself referred to in the ribald press as "Buttermilk Charley" or "Icewater Charley."

Now Fairbanks himself joins in the general laugh at these appellations. But in the interests of truth it is necessary to state that neither nickname is justified.

Fairbanks will tell you himself that he does not like buttermilk and that he has not tasted it since he was a boy on his father's farm. The name is supposed to have been attached to him in connection with a certain dinner in Indianapolis to the president of the United States at which the vice-president is alleged to have served cocktails, thereby incurring the displeasure of sundry prohibitionists. But there is a nebulous uncertainty whether the cognomen was bestowed by a comic paper, or by some "fool friends" who, while admitting that cocktails were served for those who wanted them found it necessary to assert that Fairbanks did not partake but contented himself with a



CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS OF INDIANA.

glass of that product of the cow from which the substance has been churned out.

Whether Fairbanks did or did not absorb a cocktail on that historic occasion, it is quite certain that he did not partake of buttermilk. As for the "ice water" designation, the refutation is equally complete, except that the vice-president personally admits that he has used that beverage sometimes since he was a boy. But the changes have been rung on it until one would really think that to approach Fairbanks was almost equally as perilous as to run foul of a giant iceberg at sea. It is only outside of his own state that he is regarded as "icy" and then only by people who don't know him.

There may be little of the magnetic about him, but when a man has been able to bind to himself the state organization of his party three times in behalf of his candidacy for the United States Senate—which was successful by unanimous vote the first time that his party was in the majority; when he has been able to turn his state from being strongly Democratic to being even more strongly Republican, when he has had the courage to resist the demand for free silver and the capacity to carry his party with him; and when he can secure the support of his entire state for his presidential ambitions—there is surely something about the man that is attractive and not repellant, and that shows that warm blood runs in his veins, and not ice water.

As a matter of fact, he is a cordial gentleman, warm-hearted and of generous impulses. It is the fault of his manner rather than of his heart if people receive the impression that he is cold, for those who know him best say he is the reverse of that.

There is one appellation frequently applied to Fairbanks which he possibly wishes might be true. He is generally referred to as a millionaire. He says it is doubtful whether he is really worth $500,000. However much it is, he made every cent of his fortune himself. Fairbanks is a self-made man.

First seeing the light in a log cabin on a farm near Unionville Centre, Ohio, in course of time he went to the Ohio Wesleyan university at Delaware, O. There he went naives with a fellow-student, shared his room, helped do the cooking and added to their limited resources by doing a little carpentering and rooting out of school hours. He was rather an ungainly object in those days. He was six feet tall and very thin, freckled, and with tousled black hair. Nowadays, with his methodical mind and frugal inclinations, there is a place for every hair, and he carefully brushes it up over the bald spot and down on the other side.

In those bashful days of early youth he made good. After graduation he became a reporter in Pittsburg and later in Chicago. At the same time he studied law assiduously and took one term in a Cleveland, O., law school and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme court of that state. Shortly thereafter he married Miss Cornelia Cole, of Marysville, O. They had been co-editors of their college paper at Delaware.

He hung out his law shingle in Indianapolis in 1874, and for the next 23 years, until he was elected to the Senate, he devoted his whole time to his practice and to politics.

A strong party man, he took a great interest in the Republican cause and an active part in every campaign in the state. He was a strong political and personal friend of the late Walter Q. Gresham and at the Chicago convention of 1888, he took charge of his candidacy for the presidential nomination. It was a source of regret to Fairbanks that Gresham later changed his politics and became a Democrat.

In preparation for the campaign of 1890, Fairbanks identified himself with the movement ofr the nomination of McKinley, his personal friend, and was largely influential in organizing Indiana for him. He was, in recognition of his effective work, chosen by McKinley to be the temporary chairman of the national convention at St. Louis and in that capacity he made the keynote speech of a campaign which turned out to be one of the most important in its effects upon the country's industrial and financial conditions in the history of the American people.

The same election which carried McKinley to the White House resulted in the choice of a Republican legislature in Indiana and in sending Fairbanks to the United States Senate. Fairbanks never took a prominent part in the debates on the floor of the Senate. He made a number of important speeches, but they were always carefully prepared beforehand and read to the Senate. Because of his close friendship with McKinley he was regarded as something of a White House oracle and his remarks were always received with close attention. During the troubled times just before the outbreak of the Spanish war, he was in daily consultation with the president and supported him in all of his policies.

Fairbanks enjoys a good story, even if it is on himself. He tells one of a time when he, with Governor Gear of Iowa was campaigning in that state and met Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, who was speaking on the other side.

"After the meeting," says Fairbanks, "Blackburn met us and proposed that we should step into a convenient place and get a drink. I was very tired with my effort and the suggestion struck me most favorably.

"'What will you have, governor?' asked Blackburn.

"Governor Gear was thoughtful for a moment and then replied, 'I think I'll have a glass of mineral water.'

"'Fairbanks, what do you want?' asked Blackburn.

"'I should like a glass of milk,' I replied.

"The waiter stepped back and looked inquiringly at Blackburn, whose face wore a very peculiar expression.

"'Oh,' he remarked with extreme disgust, 'bring me a piece of pie.'"

This, possibly, may be the origin of the "Buttermilk" nickname.

Labor Members of Congress.

In the present house of representatives at Washington four members of the trades unions hold paid-up union cards. They are William B. Wilson and T. D. Nicholls, representing Pennsylvania districts, both members of the United Mine Workers of America, and William J. Cary of Milwaukee and J. T. McDermott of Chicago, both members of the Telegraphers' union.

A Satisfactory Substitute.

Irate Woman—Git out of here, you dirty Injun! Is it dinner you have the face to beg for? I'll sick one of the dogs on you!

Chief Much Afraid of Water—S'pose sick fat dog on big Injun. Him heap glad.—Leslie's Weekly.

Exceedingly Verdant.

A "green old age" is that to which
The countryman attains,
For it's the age when bunko men
Derive their surest gains.
—Harper's Weekly.

THREE SHOT IN BOSTON STREETS

Man Runs Amuck in Streets With Revolver

ONE OF THEM MAY DIE

While the Others Are Badly Hurt—Assailant Turned on Men Who Started the Row.

Boston, June 15.—While an infuriated mob of 500 men and boys fought to gain possession of Gaetona Natali, an Italian, to wreak their vengeance on him after he had shot down three men on Maverick street, East Boston, Saturday night, Patrolmen O'Neil and McKenna, battered and bruised, held the angry crowd at bay until the arrival of the patrol wagon with reserves.

Natali had shot down John O'Keefe, 17 years, of 7 Brement street; William Begley, 19, of 143 Webster street, and Thomas Trainer, 20, of 193 Chelsea street, East Boston.

All three young men are now at the Relief hospital on the dangerous list. At an early hour O'Keefe and Begley were not expected to survive the day.

The three victims were standing on Maverick street, near Maverick square, about 10:30 o'clock, when Natali appeared on the scene, and without any preliminary warning, whipped out a revolver and fired five shots at the young men, three taking effect.

Trainer was the first to fall with a bullet in his abdomen. With a cry, he sank to the sidewalk. Before his companions could move, the Italian turned his revolver on them.

Begley was the next to fall, with a bullet piercing his chest. The other victim, O'Keefe, started to run, when Natali, with unerring aim, fired another shot, which struck O'Keefe in the back and came out at his chest.

Not satisfied with the scene of carnage which lay around him, Natali fired the two remaining shots at some pedestrians, who rushed toward the scene.

When he had emptied his gun the crazed Italian rushed up Maverick street, followed by an infuriated mob, which cried: "Lynch him! Lynch him!

At the bridge, near the corner of Brement street, he was overtaken by Thomas Dowling, George Sullivan and Edward O'Brien, three East Boston young men, who overpowered him and threw him to the ground. A great crowd of men had gathered, but before they could do the Italian any great harm Patrolman O'Neil was on the scene and took the prisoner from them.

He marched the prisoner back to the scene of the shooting, where the three men were lying on the ground in pools of blood.

The Little Hand.

The little hand I pressed—ah, me!—
That I but pressed and did depart,
How tenderly I think of thee!
I wonder fondly where thou art.

I wonder whether thou shalt e'er
Feel once again my tender clasp,
With thee the world and all were mine,
I saw the prize within my grasp.

The little hand I pressed—ah, me!—
And held with all the lover's art—
A royal flush—the house was pinched—
I left the pot and did depart.
—Cornell Widow.

He Ought to Know.

Mrs. Hens—Jest look here, John! I've found a ten cent piece in this chicken's craw.

Mr. Hens—Wa-al, thet makes one authentic case, an' the fust I ever knowed, whar there wuz money in chickens.—Judge.

Uncle Allen.

"Some men," muttered Uncle Allen Sparks after the tiresome speaker had sat down, "remind me of an old water mill that's running with empty hoppers. Their wheels keep on going, but they don't turn out any grist."

The Effect.

He wasted all his money;
He strove both day and night
To see the sights of Paris.
Now he's a parasite.
—Chicago Post.

A Little Widow.

A little widow now and then
Plays havoc with the single men.
—Houston Post

Not a Busy Season.

The summer comes with torrid zest,
And all professions heed it.
The actor now will take a rest,
Although he doesn't need it.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SIRES AND SONS.

Elihu Root, secretary of state, began life as a schoolteacher and afterward drifted into law and politics.

Lord Crewe, the new British secretary of state for the colonies, has no sons, and his honors will probably die with him.

P. M. Hubbell, said to be the wealthiest man in Iowa, seventy years old and in good health, has signed a note for $20,000 in favor of the Iowa Home For the Aged, payable "ten days after my death."

Kellar, the magician, has closed his professional career. Mr. Kellar is fifty-nine years of age and has been before the public forty years. He began his professional studies as an assistant to the fakir of Ava when he was fifteen years old.

In recognition of his friendship and the distinguished services he has rendered to Frenchmen and the French speaking citizens of the south, France has bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honor upon Armand Capdevielle, editor of the New Orleans Bee.

The authorities of the Naval academy have announced that Midshipman Eugene Wilson of Seattle, Wash., a member of the graduating class, is the winner of the handsome sword presented annually by the class of 1871 for general excellence in gunnery.

The bodies of twelve men have lain in state at the national capitol. They were John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, Thaddeus Stevens, S. P. Chase, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, President Garfield, John A. Logan, Chief Justice Waite and William McKinley.

It is stated in Washington that Mr. Roosevelt will be appointed general director of the Panama canal after he has completed his tour of the world. The president has privately intimated, it is said, that he would like to round out his career as the builder of the great Panama canal, the greatest work ever undertaken in any age by any nation.

Gleanings.

The average length of life of the Icelander is a little over sixty-one years.

China has the lowest tax rate. A house worth $2,000 rarely bears a tax over $5 a year.

St. Petersburg authorities have issued an order forbidding the students of the cadet corps to read "Sherlock Holmes" and other stories of a similar character.

Stout people are to be taxed in the Swedish town of Hafanger. All people who weigh more than 135 pounds are the victims and will have to submit to a graduated tax.

The Pekin Gazette, the oldest newspaper in the world, after an existence of 1,194 years without an editorial page, society column, funny column, market page or sporting extra, is now using its back page for freaks and has started an editorial page.

Numerousness.

The candidate now looks around
Among the booms which are allowed
At present 'mongst us to abound
And sighs: "Good heavens! What a crowd!"
—Washington Star.

Three Is a Crowd.

"Surely Doolittle doesn't need two stenographers in his business. Why does he have them?"

"His wife insists on it, I believe. Just a little precaution."—Puck.

Hard Luck Stories.

"I takes notice," said Uncle Eben, "dat a large percentage of de hard luck stories proceeds from de man dat has been lookin' fob easy money."—Washington Star.

The First Kiss.

The Boston girl
Had told him yes,
Her head awhirl,
We must confess.
'Twas like a play correctly staged,
For he and she were now engaged.

The Boston chap
Surveyed with pride
Her classic map,
Sweet and four eyed.
"Priscilla," he made bold to state,
"I think that we might osculate."
—Pittsburg Post.

GOING TO JOHN

"Going north, madam?"

"No ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know ma'am. I never was on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John?"

"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas."

"I'm going to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the lady who asked these questions as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story, and to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old head never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to a stranger, but my heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't as bad as this—"

The stranger waited until she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my hands. I toiled early and late all the years until John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school—John and me. They were married not long ago. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them and he went back West to begin for himself. He said he had provided for the girls, and they would provide for me now."

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

The tears stood in the lines of her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain to my heart I never felt before I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and my withered face—ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so tioling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested carelessly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back, a long, kind letter for me to come right to him. I should always have a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her cheek and waited the conclusion.

"Some day when I am gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it never can shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes and went out as if to look for the train. The stranger's fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest, and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the careworn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me sometime."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes which inspired her, long before she learned, with a broken heart, that some day she would, **homeless in the world, go to John.**